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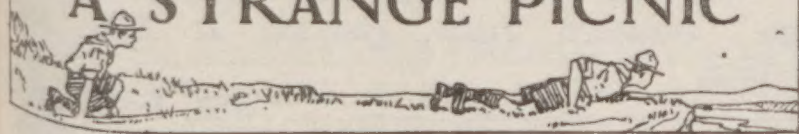
FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

MAY 1922

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

A STRANGE PICNIC



"ISN'T this disappointing!" exclaimed Trixie, gazing through the window towards Cross Fell, the highest point in Cumberland. It was quite close to Trixie's home, but she could not see it because of the dense fog that had risen.

"Of course Tom won't come now," answered her chum, Effie.

"And even if he does we can't go," said Trixie sadly.

"That's the worst of Girl Guides," cried a laughing voice, and, turning, they saw Tom, dressed in a Boy Scout's uniform, standing in the doorway.

"What is the matter with Girl Guides?" asked Trixie, standing in front of him and smiling.

"They are too delicate," declared Tom, gravely shaking his head. "They ought to be wrapped in cotton wool and marked 'Fragile. With care.'"

"Don't you try to be funny, Tom," replied Trixie. "How can we picnic on Cross Fell to-day in this wretched fog?"

"My superior knowledge tells me how we can, because I packed this basket," answered Tom.

"You two will know how we can when you unpack it. Do you want me to take two Boy Scouts instead of you two?"

Effie was about to reply, when a young woman rushed into the room.

"O Miss Trixie," she cried, "Jimmy is lost! What shall I do? He went with some boys. I did not know. He is lost on the mountain, and I shall never see my little boy again."

Then the wretched mother sank into a chair and, burying her face in her hands, sobbed as though her heart was broken.

"You are taking the worst for granted, Mrs. Beal," said Tom. "Try to be calm. We will find the little chap. It is not likely he has come to any harm."

"But the boys who took him say they lost him in the fog. They—oh, they heard him fall, but could not find the spot."

"We shall find it," declared Tom.—"Have you got a rope, Trixie? A strong clothes line would do."

Trixie darted from the room, and Tom gained all the information possible from the terrified mother, although she knew but little more than what she had already told him.

"That will do capitally," said Tom, pitching his picnic basket on the sofa and taking the rope which Trixie brought. "Now, girls, we shall rescue him.—Never fear, Mrs. Beal. You'll be clasping Jimmy in your arms before long."

All three hurried from the house and raced to the mountain slope, then up the steep pass they went at a run. Tom let the two girls lead the way, knowing they would be the first to tire, although they certainly showed no signs of doing so at present.

There was only one pathway at that spot, and it became steeper and more rugged the higher they ascended.

Tom had an electric torch, but it was of little use in the dense fog that hung over the great peak.

From time to time he shouted, but there was no answering cry.

The task of the three searchers appeared to be quite useless, but they would not give up hope, and they took no heed of the fatigue which the steep ascent was causing them.

"Hark! Was that a cry?" exclaimed Trixie at last. "I believe I heard some sound."

All three stopped to listen; then a faint and distant cry reached them, and leaving the path they proceeded in the direction of the sound.

They had to grope their way with their staffs, so dense had the fog become; and now Tom went first, for there was real danger.



At this part of Cross Fell there are many places where a fall might mean death. Tom knew the ground fairly well, but it was very difficult to tell where he was in the fog.

"It's here," he exclaimed, stopping on the brink of a precipice. "You hear him?—All right, Jimmy. I'm coming down to you."

"O Tom!" exclaimed Trixie, glancing over the height.

"Is it very deep?" asked Effie.

"Nothing to speak of," answered Tom, fixing his staff against the rocks.

"How deep is it?" asked Trixie.

"Couldn't say," replied Tom, fastening the cord. "But it's not deep enough to frighten Girl Guides, so it's not going to frighten a Boy Scout. I'll tell you when to haul the kiddy up."

He threw the rope over, then, grasping it, lowered himself over the height, winding one leg round the cord in order to check his descent.

As Trixie and Effie watched they both breathed deeply while they held the cord, fearing that the staff might break with the strain.

Tom knew by the little fellow's cries that he had not fallen very far, and he found him in a clump of bushes which grew on the projecting ground.

Beyond this narrow ledge the cliff was sheer, and had Jimmy rolled over the brink there could have been no chance of life for him.

"All right, kiddy," exclaimed Tom, securing the cord beneath the little fellow's arms. "You know Miss Trixie and Effie. They are up above, and are going to take you to your mummy.—Righto, girls! Haul away. Well done. The Girl Guides ought to be as proud of you as I am, and that's saying a good lot."

The girls lifted Jimmy over the brink of the cliff, then threw the rope to Tom, who came up without much difficulty.

And now the descent was made, Tom carrying the little boy, who fell fast asleep in his arms.

"I say, girls," exclaimed Tom, as they neared the hamlet, "you take the boy now, you know."

"You said you weren't tired a few minutes ago," answered Trixie, glancing at Effie and smiling.

"Well, I am tired now," muttered Tom, looking towards Mrs. Beal's cottage which was visible, for the fog was lifting. He saw a number of men and women outside, and wanted to go no farther.

"So sorry for you, Tom," exclaimed Effie. "You shall come to our house and lie down on the sofa, then we will see if we can find some cotton wool."

"Just catch hold of the child for a moment, Effie," pleaded Tom.

"It would be so silly for us both to get tired," answered Effie, laughing.

Then the delighted mother rushed forward, and it was she who took Jimmy from Tom's arms.

"Oh, speak to them, Jim," she sobbed, as her young husband placed his brawny hand upon her shoulder. "Tell them what we feel, for I cannot. My heart is too full for words."

Then Jim, who had only just been brought from the quarry where he worked to learn what had happened, took off his cap.

"There's nothing to be said," he murmured. "You have brought joy to our lives once again, and risked your own lives in doing it."

Then cheers rang out, and the three chums raced away.



HOBBIES AND WRINKLES



For Boys and Girls.

How to make Lemon Toffee.

YOU can make this toffee yourselves for much less than it costs in the shops, and it will be pure and wholesome for you and your chums.

Put one cupful of white sugar in a saucepan with about one-third of a cupful of water and the juice of half a lemon. Boil them together without stirring for five minutes, add a piece of butter as large as a walnut, and let the mixture boil just a little longer. Then drop some of the syrup into cold water; if it forms into a hard ball that will clink against the glass, it is done. If it does not, let it cook a little longer, trying it often. When done, take it from the fire, pour it into a well-buttered dish, and leave it to cool. Lime juice or orange juice may be used instead of lemon juice, or cinnamon or peppermint essence.

How to make a Scrap-Book.

SOMETIMES in reading picture papers or magazines one comes across bits of information which it would be useful and interesting to keep. These are often cut out and then lost or thrown away. The best way of taking care of them is by pasting them in a scrap-book. Cut out anything that interests you from the papers, and make a collection of these. You may wish to gather poetry, instructions for making useful things, cricket and football results, amusing stories, riddles, pictures, etc. Place them in a box ready for use.

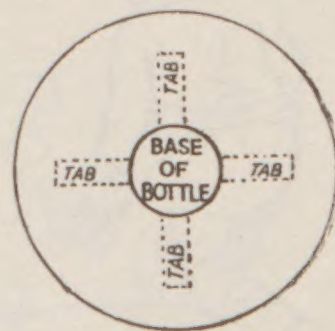
A scrap-album can be bought for a small sum; or if you do not wish to buy, use an old exercise book with strong covers. Number the pages, make some flour-and-water paste, or use any starch left over from washing-day, and paste your cuttings in neatly. Do not crowd them, and see that each one has its title pasted in above the cutting. You will be surprised to find how quickly the pages are filled and how interesting the work becomes. You will require an index to help you to find the information, or you will have to waste time looking for it. Make twenty-six long narrow slips of paper and letter them according to the letters of the alphabet. Then begin at the beginning of your album. If the first one is on

"Hockey," write this on the paper marked H. If the next is on growing bulbs, write it under B, and so on. When the book is nearly full paste your index strips at the end of the album, and the book will repay you well for your trouble.

Don't Spill the Ink!

LESSON time invariably brings the usual warning from mother to be careful not to upset the ink-bottle or get any ink on the table-cloth. If you would gain favour with mother, here is your chance:

From a piece of medium heavy cardboard cut out a circle about eight inches in diameter. You can do this by placing a plate on the cardboard and pencilling a circle round its edge. Then in the centre draw a circle just the size of the base of your ink-bottle. From this extend out lines as shown by the dotted parts marked tabs. Now carefully cut with a sharp knife along the dotted lines to form the little tabs, taking care to leave a space between the end of the tabs and the edge of the cardboard. Now fold them up around the bottle, fastening all four tabs to the neck with a rubber band.

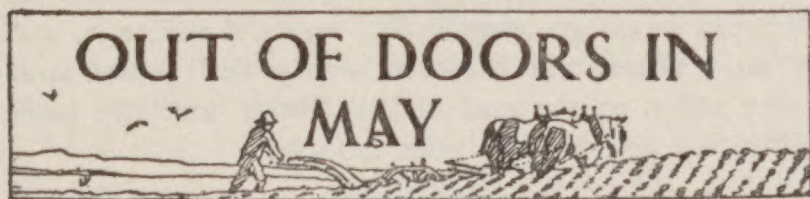


This little stand absolutely prevents any accidents, and the large base serves to catch any drop of ink that is likely to fall. If made in coloured cardboard it will be prettier than in the plain kind.

Can you Drive a Nail?

EVEN in driving a nail there is a right way and a wrong way. It is a great mistake to hammer just as hard as you can, for this will make the nail rebound and loosen the fibres of the wood.

Some people spoil a nail because they double up the point when they strike it first time. This is almost always due to the fact that the nail is given a hard blow which quite likely does not hit it truly on the head. Make sure of your mark, and then give the nail one or two light taps so as to get the point just into the wood. Then you can give it a few hard blows to drive it home. Always let the last few blows be quite gentle, for a final hard knock will make the nail rebound, and it will not hold long.



MAY is here, the merry month of May, the first month of summer. The sun is warm, the birds are singing, the trees are green and leafy, bees and butterflies are flitting about, flowers are out in the

gardens, making them gay and beautiful. The weeds must be removed or they will rob the plants of light and air, and hinder them from coming to perfection.

We must now make a border round our garden to prevent the gravel which we shall put on the path from getting mixed with the soil or the soil from

being washed on to the path by rain.

For this purpose we can either plant a tiny hedge of box, or we can arrange stones round the edge and plant rock plants among them.

I shall first tell you how to plant the box, and afterwards how to make a rock border, and you can then decide which you would prefer to have.

The best time for planting box is either in the autumn or in early spring. If you plant it in late spring or in summer, you must take good care to keep it constantly watered. Perhaps you will be able to get plants from a gardener, and if not you must buy them.

The plants must be placed close together side by side.

First you must stretch a string in a straight line along the edge of the bed, and peg it down at each



end to keep it from moving. This is to ensure the box being planted in quite a straight line.

You must then begin at the top and dig a little ditch about six inches deep along the line made by the string. Be very careful that it is quite straight. Then flatten the earth along the top and side of the

ditch, and place your plants in a row, close together sloping towards the garden and away from the path.

Next you replace the earth which you have heaped on the path, and pat it well down on the top of the roots, till it is quite firm and smooth.

When you have quite gone round your plot in this way, take your watering-can and water the plants very freely, and your box hedge is finished.

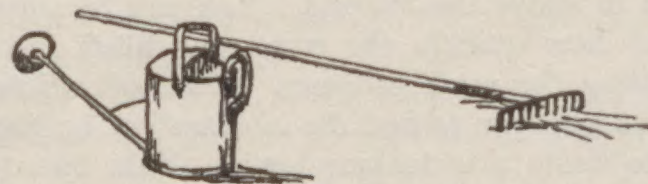
Box should be clipped every year. June is the best month in which to do this. It should be allowed to grow three inches high and three inches wide.

The other kind of edge is the one made with stones. To prepare for this you should collect for some time all the pretty stones you can find. They should not be all of the same kind or of the same size. From nine to twelve inches long would be a suitable size. You arrange them in a line, end to end, each one

touching the other, along the edge of your bed, and half of the depth of each stone should be buried below the surface of the ground. You should then put in little rock plants along the inside of the line of stones and in the little corners where they join.

The plants will very soon cover the stones and make a most delightful border. Rock flowers are as bright as any that you can plant in the bed, and many of them will flower throughout the summer. Others have evergreen foliage, which keeps the border pretty all through the winter.

There are many little wild flowers which you can gather for yourself, and which will make a charming border. A very great deal of pleasure is to be had in making collections of wild plants—far more than people know of who buy all their plants from shops.



GEMS OF POETRY AND PROSE.

The May Queen.

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
 To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad new year
 Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest merriest day;
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
 There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:
 But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
 So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
 If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
 But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
 And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
 And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows grey,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow grass,
 And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
 There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
 And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
 And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
 To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad new year:
 To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

TENNYSON.



WHEN you have finished a job, don't stop to admire it. Get on with the next one.

"Let those who win tell what to do,
 And those who fail, what *not* to do."

Work always looks easy to the one who is looking on, even yours does.

WHAT we think, or what we know or what we believe, is in the end of little consequence; the only thing of consequence is what we *do*. J. RUSKIN.

The Right Way of doing Things.



(a) Open a step-ladder fully before mounting it.

(b) A Union Jack must have the broad white stripe of the diagonal cross (X) upwards near the pole.

(c) To ventilate a room, open the sash at the top to let out the impure air, and at the foot to let in pure air.

(d) Stand a wet umbrella handle downwards to drain. This preserves the silk near the stick.

(e) Spread a wet cycle cape over a chair to dry.

(f) Get over a locked gate at the hinge end.

(g) Stand a gun or rifle with barrel vertical.

(h) Pull up your trousers to the top of your boots before putting on trouser clips. This prevents them bagging at the knees.

(i) How to carry a heavy box upstairs.

(j) On a windy day face the wind to open an umbrella.

(k) When opening a bottle of ink, or other liquid that may damage your clothes, turn the neck away from you.

(l) How to help a stuck cart.

(m) Push a jammed door at the point where it sticks.

(n) When using a knife, make the strokes outwards, away from you.

(o) When accurate ruling has to be done, place the pencil point on the exact point through which the line has to be drawn, and move the ruler or square up to it.

(p) Put the heavier books at the end of a shelf.

How to Write a Letter.

MY first letter, when I was a child, was written to my teacher, and it was a great labour to me to write it. I remember that each paragraph began with the words "I hope." Now it is quite nice to receive a letter full of hope, but this is not the best way of writing a letter. We will try to find out what is the best and simplest method, for many children, and grown-up people too, find the task by no means easy; yet it ought to be a pleasure both to the writer and to the receiver.

1. It is well, if you can do so, to choose paper and envelopes to match. A sheet of white paper

will not look nice in a grey envelope, and *vice versa*.

2. Write your address in the top right-hand corner, giving the number or name of your house, the street, town, month, day of month, and year, thus:—

12 Emden Street,
Manchester,
June 1, 1922.

It is very important to put the name of the town as well as the rest of the address, because if, for any cause, the letter cannot be delivered at the

address on the Letter Office and returned.

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3. About half-way down the page, on the left-hand side, commence your letter, writing "My dear Mother," or putting in the name of the one to whom you are writing.

4. Now try to think that you are about to speak to your mother, or friend, and just write out neatly what you would wish to tell her if you were having a chat.

5. Leave a margin at the left side of your letter, about half an inch wide. It gives the letter a better appearance.

6. When you have written about one subject, and wish to start a fresh one, begin on another line, and start each paragraph in different words, if possible.

7. In order to make your letter easy and pleasant to read, do not begin on the front page, then write on the back and then on the middle pages. Take them in order, just as the pages come in a book, and the person to whom you write will appreciate the ease with which it can be read.

8. If you are not sure of the right spelling of a word, ask some one, or use your dictionary.

9. Avoid flourishes, make neat capitals, and put in the stops with care.

10. The ending of the letter must be according to the station and relationship of your correspondent.

11. Fold the letter neatly to fit the envelope. Try not to refold it, or it will not look well. Place it in the envelope so that, when drawn from it, the name of the writer is seen at once.

12. Put the stamp on the right-hand corner of the envelope. Commence the address about half-way down, and arrange it thus:—

Mrs. Heath,
9 Freehold Street,
Birmingham.

It seems almost unnecessary to tell you to post the letter, but so many people post letters in their pockets, forgetting to put them in the post, and sometimes carrying them about for days, that this reminder must be given.

When you receive the answer to your letter, do not reply at once, unless you are asked to do so. Your letters must not be a tax on your friend's time. In writing an answer to a letter, keep the one you have received open near you, so that you can reply to all questions asked, or to any remarks that require to be noticed.

Wild Flowers.

Herb Robert.—This pretty little flower blossoms this month. It is a wild geranium, and has handsome leaves. The

stem and leaflets are green when they first appear, but as the weeks pass they turn to a bright crimson colour, so the plant is easily noticed on the banks and in the hedgerows. It has a strong, disagreeable scent, especially when its stem or leaves are

crushed. It flowers through the summer, and is sometimes found in bloom in winter-time.

The Lesser Convolvulus.—This flower is sometimes called by a much easier name. It is often known as the nightcap, from its shape. It is a twining plant, but it does not always climb the



hedge; it is often found on the ground in potato and corn fields. If left, it chokes the growth of the crops, and it is difficult to clear it away, because its roots easily break when pulled. Almost as soon as it is picked its blossoms close, and refuse to open, even when placed in water. It flowers in May and June.



SMILES

*"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"*



AN Irishman was driving a donkey when the animal's foot caught in the loosely hanging stirrup. "Now, thin," says Pat, "if you're going to get up, I'm going to get down."

LAWRENCE had been naughty, and his mother told him to stand in the corner of the room till he was a better boy. A little later he was asked, "Are you a good boy now?" "Not twite," was the reply, "but I shall be when tea is ready."

A SHY little girl was invited to a birthday party. About an hour after her arrival she was found in tears, and begged to be allowed to go home. After her departure the lady of the house said to her small son, "Why didn't you try to amuse the little girl, and not let her go home?" "I did," said the youngster; "I showed her a worm in a pail!"

AT a school examination a boy was asked to spell the word "Aaron," to which he replied, "Big A, little a, ron." The next boy had to spell the word "Gallery." Following the example of the first speller, he said, "Big Gal, little gal, lery."

Two young sisters were at a Christmas party, and the elder sister was looking well after the younger one. Before they went in to tea she whispered, "Mind you don't soil your frock, it's *nearly* silk."

DOWN in the Ozarks in Missouri a boy once started to ford a stream. He had scarcely wet his ankles when a voice from the other side ordered him to stop.

The boy, who had been familiar with that stream since his childhood, and knew every hole in it, was surprised to see opposite him a young fellow with spectacles and a college textbook.

"Don't come a step farther. You'll be drowned," said the stranger. "I can easily prove to you that where this sort of soil exists on the bank of a water-course there is quicksand in the centre. Only listen to me."

"Why, yes, mister, I'll listen," replied the native. "But say, I hate to make you raise your voice like that. I'll just come over where you are, and you can tell me all about it."

He then forded the stream, as he had done twice previously on that very day, and presented himself for the explanation.

Bible Story.

Queen Esther.—II.

ESTHER took her courage in both hands. She dressed herself in all her most beautiful, queenly robes and then entered into the royal hall, where the king sat upon his golden throne.

The king looked up with an angry frown to see who it was who dared to come into his presence uninvited; but as soon as his eye fell upon his queen standing there in all her beauty, with her head humbly bent, his anger died away, and he held out to her his golden sceptre.

No wonder that the king's heart softened as he looked at Esther. She was always beautiful, but to-day there was something almost dazzling about her loveliness, the beauty of her soul shining through the earthly beauty; and as she came forward to touch the sceptre held out towards her, the king was ready to do anything that she asked.

"What wilt thou, Queen Esther?" he said, "and what is thy request? It shall be even given thee to the half of the kingdom."

But Esther did not tell him at once what she wanted. Perhaps she thought it wiser to wait. Instead, she only asked that the king and Haman should come to a feast she had prepared for them.

The feast put the king in a better temper than ever, and again he asked her what it was that she wanted. But once more Esther hesitated, and merely asked that he would be her guest again next day.

Meanwhile Haman's heart overflowed with joy and pride, because he had been chosen to sit at the queen's table, and because soon all the hated Jews would be killed, and Mordecai would stand no longer in his path. He could scarcely wait for the day of the massacre to dawn, and he began to make ready a great gallows on which Mordecai should be hanged.

But that very night it so happened that the king was wakeful; and as he could not sleep he ordered that his books should be brought, and the records read aloud to him. And what should be read to him but the story of how Mordecai the Jew had saved the king's life!

The king was quite interested as he listened. "What honour and dignity hath been done to Mordecai for this?" he asked.

"There is nothing done for him," answered the servants.

"That must be put right at once," said the king ; and he immediately sent for Haman, and asked him, "What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honour ? "

Now Haman, of course, thought he must be the man whom the king meant, so he suggested the most splendid honours he could think of. The man should be dressed in the king's own royal robes, he said, and ride upon the king's horse, and the most noble of all the princes should bring him on horseback through the streets of the city.

This answer pleased the king. "Make haste," he said, "and take the apparel and the horse, as thou hast said, and do even so to Mordecai the Jew : let nothing fail of all that thou hast spoken."

It was a bitter moment for proud Haman, and there was no escape from the bitterness. The king must be obeyed. Only when it was all done, and he had been obliged to act as the servant of the man he hated, he hid himself in his house and gave vent to his furious anger. But even then he was obliged to quickly hide his feelings, for the king's servants came to tell him that Esther's feast was ready, and he must come at once.

And now the time had come for Esther to risk all. And when the king asked her again to tell him her request, she went and knelt at his feet, and begged for her own life, and for the life of her people.

"Who is he, and where is he, who has dared to threaten thy life ? " thundered the king.

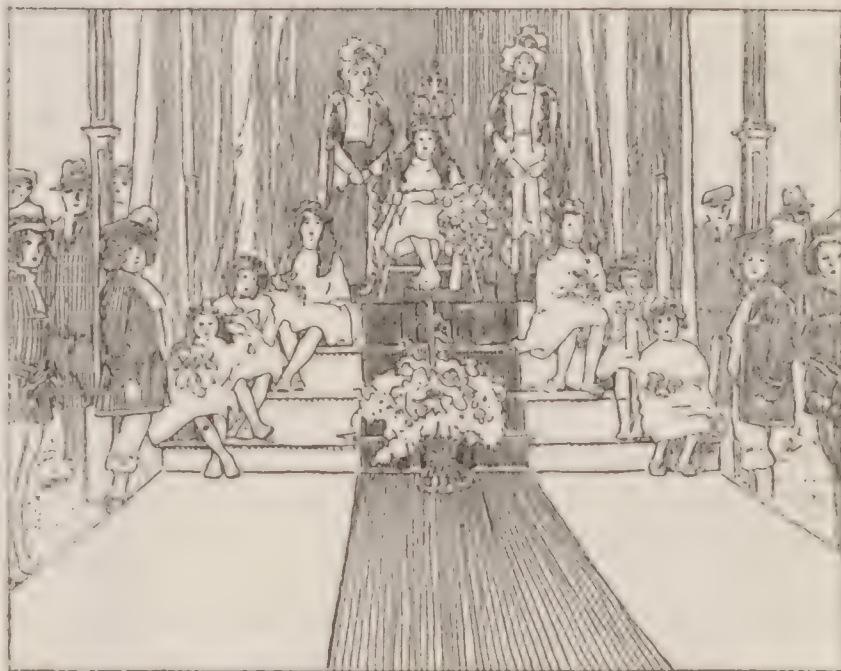
Then Esther rose up and pointed to the terrified Haman, who stood trembling before them. Well might he tremble, for the king's wrath was a terrible thing to see ; and the order was given that they should hang Haman on the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai.

It was impossible to change the wicked order that Haman had written, for it was sealed with the king's signet. But yet there was another way of granting the queen's request, and the king sent out other letters, ordering that all the Jews should be allowed to arm and defend themselves. And so Queen Esther's people were saved. She had willingly risked her own life, and now she had her reward, for there was joy and gladness amongst all the Jews. Mordecai was given a post of great honour, and was dressed in royal robes of blue and white, covering a garment of fine linen and purple, and he had, too, a golden crown ; while Esther, the queen, had all that she could desire, and never forgot to thank God that He had used her to save His people.

Ever since these events happened the Jews have kept the memory of the day by a feast of great gladness.

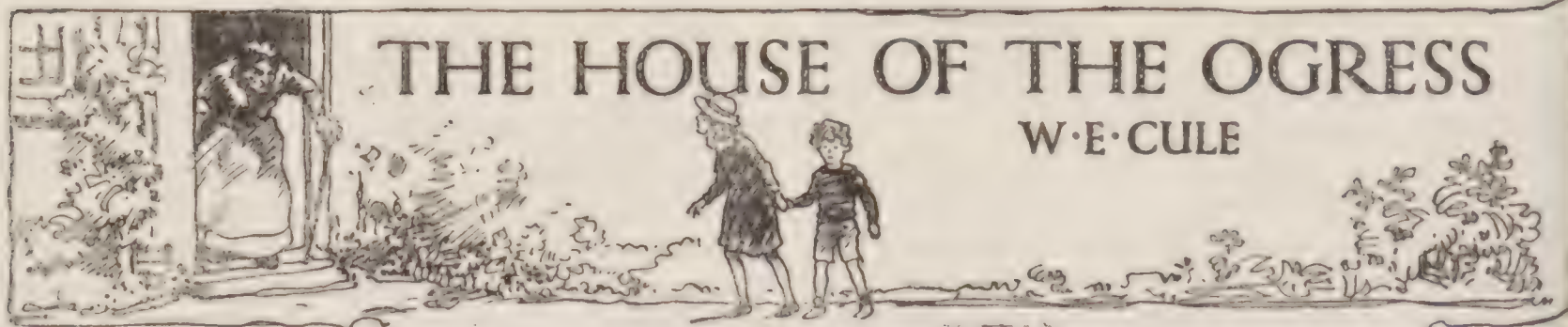
A May Day Festival.

THE ancient and beautiful custom of crowning the May Queen is celebrated every year in the little town of Knutsford, Cheshire, with many quaint and interesting ceremonies. It was begun in 1864 by some of the townspeople, and afterwards the arrangements were taken over by a committee, who so improved the festival that people from all parts of the world came to witness it. In 1887 the late King Edward and the Queen-Mother Alexandra, who were then Prince and Princess of Wales, were present at the crowning of the May Queen, and Queen Alexandra accepted a bouquet of flowers from her hands. Since that date the people of Knutsford are allowed to use the word "Royal" in describing their festival.



On the 1st of May the May Queen is escorted by her crown bearers and attendants, all dressed suitably for the occasion, to an enclosure on the heath. Here they are all grouped to look as well as possible, and the Queen takes her place upon the throne. Her six maids of honour, wearing wreaths of flowers and carrying beautiful bouquets, sit on the steps of the throne. An exhibition of drill, sword dancing, the sailor's hornpipe, and tambourine dancing follows, and the children dance round the Maypole, weaving the ribbons in a very pleasing manner.

The Queen is then crowned, a sceptre is presented to her, and the Royal May Day Footguards present arms. At the close of the entertainment the Queen leaves the throne, and the bands play the National Anthem.



THE HOUSE OF THE OGRESS

W·E·CULE

AS Jack left his mother he caught sight of Avril and said, "Hullo, mother, here's a young lady."

They were both surprised to see a stranger, but in a moment the mother remembered. "It must be the little girl from Homelands," she said kindly. "Mr. Hayes told me that she had come.—Good-morning, my dear. Can I do anything for you?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Brown," said Avril politely. "I was just looking at your cottage, and thinking how pretty it was. It looks just like a picture. And I want to ask you what your son's name is."

"His name? It is John," said Mrs. Brown, looking in surprise at her visitor. "We call him Jack, of course."

"There, now," said Avril. "It's exactly right, isn't it? I had just been thinking that this cottage might be the very cottage where Jack the Giant-Killer lived, with his widow mother; and in that very minute out you come, and your boy's name is actually Jack."

Then Mrs. Brown laughed, and Jack laughed too. It seemed such a funny idea that they should be part of a fairy tale. That laugh made them all excellent friends in a moment, and Jack said:

"Well, young lady, I'm going back to camp. If you can spare the time, will you walk a little way with me? You can come back and see mother afterwards."

"Certainly," said Avril—"as far as the cross-roads." And so they set off together, she doing her best to keep in step with the young soldier, and he listening eagerly to her chatter. He was in camp at Rodley, only five miles away, and was often able to visit his mother. He listened with all his ears when Avril told him of the Zeppelin at Eastgate-on-Sea and the bomb that had fallen in the Bannisters' house. He wished he had been there to see it, he said. It must have been a fine sight.

"So do I," said Avril. "I wasn't really afraid, but I should have been less afraid then. There wasn't one soldier in our whole street that night. Are you very brave, Jack? If you saw a giant, what would you do? Would you run at him?"

"Well," said Jack, "sometimes it is best to run away from him. Suppose he is a very kind, friendly giant, whom you can't run at, but who would do you a lot of harm if you listened to him? What then? It would be foolish to avoid a kind one."

At this time they were not far from the cross-roads, and at the cross-roads there was a house with a big sign hanging over its door. Avril wondered what Jack meant, and saw that he was looking at the house with the sign. But before she could ask, he said suddenly:

"Can you run fast? Suppose we have a race to that first telegraph post on the other side of the house? You shall try to give me a good beating."

"That's a bit past the cross-roads," said Avril. "But I'm sure uncle wouldn't mind. Will you say 'One, two, three, and away'? But I think you ought to give me a start, because you are a man, and I am only a girl."

So he gave her ten yards, and presently said "One, two, three, and away!" Then they ran like the wind, Avril in such a hurry that she never saw the name of the house at the corner, which was called the "Red Cow."

But the landlord of the "Red Cow" had been watching all the morning for Jack Brown, and when he saw him go racing past with a little girl he was greatly disappointed. Out he came to the porch—a very tall, very stout man, with a purple face and a bald head. He shaded his eyes with his hand, and stared after them; but by that time they had reached the winning post, and Jack Brown was out of his reach.

"Well, upon my word!" said the big man, under his breath.

But they did not return, and presently he went in, grunting discontentedly. And it was then that Avril said, sitting on the roadside bank to get her breath back:

"What a very big man! Did you see him?"

"Yes," said Jack.

"He is quite a giant. But he is a very kind giant, and he never lets me pass without asking me to go in—and talk with him. To-day he's missed me—just because of you and that race. But now I must be going. It was very good of you to come so far."

"Not at all," said Avril. "I enjoyed the race. Good-bye, Mr. Jack. And if you see any really bad giants, be sure you run at them with your sword."

He declared that he would, and then they shook hands, and Jack saluted.

But Avril did not go straight home.

She returned to the cross-roads and the "Red Cow," and

there she saw another road, not so wide and white

as the one Jack had taken, but

beautifully shady. She was hot now from the race, so she resolved to go a little way up that road and enjoy the shade of the trees. Then she would go back to Homelands.

Now this shady road seemed at first to have no houses in it, but only gardens and fields. Yet when she came to the first curve she saw that

this was a mistake. There the trees ceased for a while, and a tall hedge had a carriage entrance in it, with two wide doors which were fast closed.

Through the hedge, however, she could catch glimpses of a house, and her first thought was of the loneliness of that house, standing up this shady road all by itself.

"Quite different from Homelands and Mrs. Brown's cottage," she said to herself. "I wonder who lives there."

She was trying to think who might live there (in story-book days), and whether it would be Bluebeard or the Forty Thieves, when suddenly the door opened, and a lady came out. She was dressed for walking, and she carried a good-sized attaché case. Down she came, straight towards the road; and it was then that Avril suddenly turned and ran, and hid herself behind a great tree on the other side. There she stood, quite still and silent, till the lady of the house had come right out and had passed on down

the road to the village. Then she peeped out after her.

"Good gracious!" she said to herself, panting with surprise. "If it isn't the Ogre-ess! I wonder where that sad-faced little boy is, who was with her in the train. She *does* look as if she could be cruel to him."



CHAPTER III.

AVRIL ASKS QUESTIONS.

"DO you know the Shady Road, Aunt Hilda? It is just near the 'Red Cow.'"

Aunt Hilda smiled. "Yes, I know it. Did you go that way this morning?"

"I went a little way along it, to get cool after my race with Jack. And I saw a house there—a big, lonely house, quite old and shabby, with red tiles for a roof instead of slates. Do you know that house?"

"Yes," answered Aunt Hilda, who was busy carving the meat. "It is called the Culver House, though I don't know what the name means. The people who live there keep a poultry farm, just like ours. But I have never spoken to them."

"Are there any children there?" asked Avril. "Because when I passed the house I saw the woman who lives there, and she was a woman I saw in the train last Monday. But then—in the train—she had a little boy with her."

Aunt Hilda seemed a little surprised.

"I never heard of any children being there," she said. "There are only two men and a woman. But they do not seem nice people, and we don't know them very well. One Saturday night we ran short of corn for the fowls, and couldn't get any anywhere. Then the carrier told your uncle that they had plenty at the Culver House, because he had taken it there that very day. But when your uncle went there to try to buy some, they said they had none to spare."

Avril said no more about the Culver House, for it was quite plain that Aunt Hilda could not tell her anything. She talked instead about Jack Brown and his mother, and the giant at the "Red Cow" Inn. But after dinner she went out to the poultry run and talked the thing over with her favourite bantam. He was a little bantam cock called "Sir George," and he had to live by himself a good deal because he was so quarrelsome. That was why Avril paid special attention to him.

"I don't want to see that house again," she told him solemnly. "It is a horrid house, I'm sure—just one of the queer old places papa mentioned. I don't want to see the woman again, either."

Sir George eyed her teasingly with one beady eye. Then he said "Chuck, chuck" in such a way that Avril heard it as "You're afraid!"

"Yes, I am," she replied. "It gave me quite a fright this morning when I saw her. But, then, what about Boy Harold? Is he in that house? I feel a bit anxious about him."

"Chuck, chuck; who knows?" said Sir George.

"Nobody. But that's the worst of it. Some one ought to know. And who is going to be brave enough to find out? That's the question."

"So it is!" said Sir George pertly.

Avril stood a little longer, thinking, but it seemed to her that there was only one thing to do. She could not tell all her thoughts to the grown-up people. She knew too well that they would only smile and say, "Nonsense, nonsense! What a quaint child you are! Run away and play!" But on that journey in the train Boy Harold's pale and unhappy look had won her heart for good, and now she would not be able to rest until she had found out more about him.

So in a little while she left the house again and went quickly down the long road to the "Red Cow" Inn. There, after looking carefully around, she turned up the Shady Road once more.

It seemed a long distance to the Culver House, but at last it came in sight. She walked so anxiously that she scarcely noticed anything she passed, and that was why she did not see a man who was working in a garden plot quite near; besides, she was looking at a carrier's cart standing in the road before the house, with two men talking by it. One of them was the old carrier, and the other was a younger, bigger man, who wore leggings and a soft grey hat. Most likely he belonged to the house, for he had loaded a heavy sack on to a wheelbarrow and was going to wheel it in.

Neither of them noticed Avril at first. She walked past and stopped, and then came softly back. The man in leggings was not an agreeable kind of person, for he was dark-faced and rough-looking and harsh-voiced; but it would be easier to speak to him here at the gate than to go up to the house itself and speak to the Ogre-ess. So Avril had resolved to speak to him, and she came back just as the old carrier turned his cart and lumbered away.

"If you please——" she said.

The dark man was just about to take up his barrow, but at the words he stopped and stared.

"If you please," said Avril, "is there a boy named Harold living in this house?"

The man in leggings looked at her in great surprise. "What?" he said, after a moment.

She said it again, and he seemed to consider.

"What makes you ask that question?" he asked quietly.

"In the train, when I was coming to Mayfield," said Avril, "there was a lady with a little boy named Harold. I saw the same lady coming out of this house, so I thought the little boy might be here too, and I felt that I would like to see him again."

The man in leggings rested his hands upon his hips and drew his brows together. Then he shook his head, slowly and solemnly.

"You have made a mistake," he said.

"It couldn't have been the same lady, because, my young friend, there is no boy in this house at all. Little girls should be careful, and not make mistakes."

Avril flushed and drew back. "You had better go home at once," he said gruffly. Then he stooped to his barrow and wheeled it inside the big doors. There he put it down, and turned back to close the doors with a great clatter and bang. It was like shutting them in Avril's face.

She was not sorry to see the last of him. Indeed, she was glad, and she was also glad that

Boy Harold was not in that dull grey house. Perhaps she had been mistaken in the morning, or perhaps the woman had only been taking him to his home and friends somewhere else. Anyway, she need not trouble any more. She would go back now, and have a little talk with Mrs. Brown on the way.

So she began to journey back, feeling much happier; but she had not gone far when she was surprised to hear some one calling.

"I say, little girl."

The man who had been working in the field-garden next to the Culver House had come down to the gate in the hedge, and stood there looking at her. Indeed, though she had not seen him he had heard all her conversation with the man in leggings, and that was why he spoke to her now. He was just a plain gardener man, with a long-handled fork, and with a good, honest face, all brown with the sun.

Avril stopped at once.

"Are you looking for somebody or something?" he

asked pleasantly. "Can I help you?"

It was such a difference. Avril was quite happy in a moment.

"Oh no, thank you," she said. "I went to ask if there was a little boy in that old house, but there isn't."

"Oh! And why did you think there might be?" asked the gardener.



Avril told him all about it, just as she had told the man of the house ; but she also told him the reason. " I was anxious, because he seemed so unhappy," she explained. " That was why I came to ask."

The gardener nodded, as if he quite understood.

" You must be a kind-hearted little maid," he said. " Now I want you to come into my garden. I have something to show you."

He laid aside his fork and let her in, and then he began to lead her, not across the garden-field but around it, under the shelter of the hedge which divided it from the grounds of the Culver House. While they went this way no one in the Culver House could have seen them, the hedge was so high and thick.

He did not say a word till they got past the old house and a little behind it. Then he found the place he wanted, and beckoned to her to stand at his side.

" Now you can see some of the back windows," he said. " For a minute or two keep your eyes on the top one of all—the little square one."

Avril looked, wondering. From this point the house was quite near, and she could see the top window easily.

" Keep your eye on the window," whispered the gardener. " There ! what is that ? "

At the same moment Avril gave a stifled cry of pain and surprise. For at that top window a little face had appeared, had looked out sadly for a long moment, and had then vanished again.

(To be continued.)

Golden Text for May.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.—PSALM lv. 22.

Motto for May.

*" Enter, O Lord, my house with me
Until I enter Thine with Thee."*

The Adventures of Steaky, Gogo, and Binks.

ABOUT one hundred and thirty years ago, when Northsea School was much younger than it has ever been since, and some boys were much the same age as they are now, Steaky, Gogo, and Binks were discussing the best way of spending their half-holiday. Deciding on a sea trip, they made their way to the beach, jumped into a boat, and pushed out into the river. There was a strong tide flowing and a stiff wind blowing, and they were rapidly carried out to sea. The waves were jumpy, and soon Gogo felt queer, Steaky more than queer ; but Binks, strange to relate, felt himself in his native element, and was



left in full command of the boat. He steered it to the Black Rocks, and skilfully brought it up inside a little cove.

Steaky and Gogo had been very depressed during the voyage, and had a remarkable absence of appetite. They had never once asked for a rasher of bacon or a plate of porridge. This was strange indeed, neither of them being often absent at meal times.

No sooner had they set foot on the solid rock, however, than they demanded to know what Binks had done with the ship's rations, and said if he didn't bring them soon they were hungry enough to eat him.

Binks asked if this was his thanks for saving their lives and landing them safe and hungry on a desert island.

They began to discover. To some edible Binks discovered was a sport. He sized the price of the business pulled down several yards a line, attached a dozen fish to a masterly Gogo had lifted of iron they. With this Gogo while Binks a born cook. It was no best meal there is the best sa there was plenty they satisfied

Geo

THIS letter of age last century Eliot.

" MY DEAR have a letter to grandpap the birds was us in her letter baby for you stronger than All the servants her. She told word she is many tall trees are squirrel fast that you There are like to be the year there were black creatures these hands way under little hills at

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They began to look about and see what they could discover. They gathered some sticks, Gogo found some edible seaweed—dulse, as it is called—and Binks discovered some mussels and whelks. Steaky was a sport, so as soon as he saw the shell-fish he seized the pin which fastened Gogo's kilt, and bent the business end round to form a hook. He then pulled down his stocking till he had unwound several yards of woollen thread, with which he made a line, attached it to the oar for a fishing-rod, and began fishing in a deep pool. He soon caught half a dozen fish, which he proceeded to gut and clean in a masterly fashion. In the meantime Binks and Gogo had lighted a fire, in which they heated a piece of iron they had found in the boat till it was red hot. With this Gogo cooked the dulse he had gathered, while Binks branded the fish on top of the fire like a born cook.

It was not long before they were all enjoying the best meal they had ever eaten in their lives. Hunger is the best sauce; and if there was no salt in the boat there was plenty in the water, and between the two they satisfied their hunger and thirst for the time.

(To be continued.)

George Eliot's Letter to a Child of Four.

THIS letter was written to a child of four years of age by a great poetess and novelist of the last century, who wrote under the name of George Eliot.

"MY DEAR LITTLE MAUDIE,—I was very glad to have a letter from you this morning. I read it aloud to grandpapa before breakfast. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and Maudie was talking to us in her letter. We were very happy. I will kiss baby for you. Her cheeks are pink, and she looks stronger than she did when she first came down. All the servants are fond of her and very good to her. She tries to say a few words, but the only word she is clever in is papa. There are a great many tall trees all around us, and sometimes there are squirrels with bushy tails running up them so fast that you could hardly catch sight of them. There are little snakes in the cucumber bed. They like to be there because it keeps them warm. Last year there were a great many moles, which are little black creatures with tiny white hands, and with these hands they scratch themselves holes for a long way under the ground, and throw out the earth in little hills above them. That spoils the grass, but the

moles do not mean to be naughty. They are only working very hard to make themselves houses. Grandpapa is better than he was, and has not so many pains in his poor toes. You never had any pains in your toes, Maudie. I know you are very sorry that grandpapa should have pains. He sends his love and kisses to you and Blanche, and so do I. And you must kiss papa and mamma for us, and tell them that we long very much to hear that you are all quite settled in Elm Cottage. When we see you again you will be taller than you were when we said 'Good-bye' to you at Hampstead. For little girls grow as the flowers do, and get taller and taller, and their faces a little larger. But grandpapa and grandmamma would know you were little Maudie if they met you quite alone in the street without mamma, and they would want you to come with them, and they would take care of you. They would know you, because your little nose, and mouth and eyes, and your hair are not just exactly like other little girls', and still more because they would remember how you say 'grandpapa.' I have written this letter quite plainly, as if I thought you could read it. But I know that you are not able to read it yet. Miss Smith will be so good as to read it to you, and it is signed, your loving grandmamma."

Be Just.

NEVER mind whether people praise you or not; you do what you ought to do. And do not be always thinking of your rights. There are people who think themselves very grand because they cannot bear to be interfered with. They think themselves lovers of justice, while it is only justice to themselves they care about. The true lover of justice is one who would rather be a slave than interfere with the rights of others. To wrong any one is the most terrible thing in the world. Injustice to you is not an awful thing like injustice in you.

G. MACDONALD.

"CHILDREN'S PAPER" COMPETITION FORM. [May

Name.....

Address.....

Age last Birthday.....

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.

Our Competitions.

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 31. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than May 15 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for May.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors *must* put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested NOT TO ENCLOSE stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.

In each Competition the Editress offers two prizes.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Write an account of one of the most beautiful prayers in the Old Testament.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

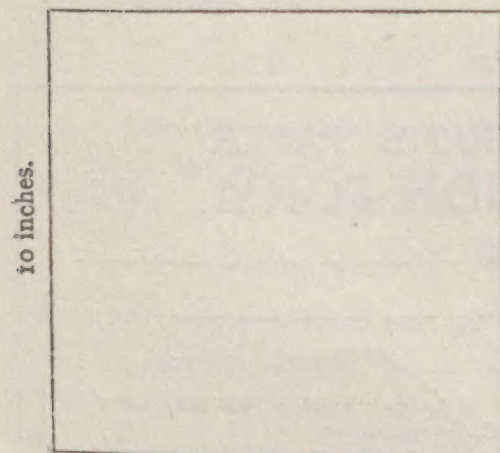
Draw a teapot, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

ESSAY COMPETITION (A).

Make sentences containing the words: committee, rural, conceal, reception, disfigure, season, festival, conquer, poetical, mansion, fertile, and effervescing.

PUZZLE.

10 inches.



Show how you would cut four pieces of wood, each measuring 6 inches in length and 4 inches in breadth, from a piece of wood 10 inches square.

For Children under Twelve only.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Tell the story of a faithful and unfaithful servant described in the Bible.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a purple and a yellow crocus, and colour them either with water colours or chalks.

ESSAY COMPETITION (B).

Write a letter describing your last birthday.

For Children under Ten only.

ESSAY COMPETITION (C).

Write an account of April flowers.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Draw a teacup, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editress invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Letter from the Editress.

MY DEAR READERS,

I am sorry that I cannot give the names of the prize-winners for the April competitions in this number of the *Children's Paper*. It is impossible to have them all ready before the May number has to be printed. I promise you, however, that they will appear in the June number, with the pictures of some of the most deserving of the competitors.

In order to avoid disappointment will you please remember that the names of the prize-winners will always be given the next month but one after the competitions appear. Do not think you have been forgotten; just wait till June, when letters will be answered, and your suggestions discussed.

I hope my post-bag is bringing me many more letters to show your interest in "our" paper. Try the competitions; do not say you "can't" do them. Remember nothing beats "trying" except "doing," and the more you try and do the more interested you will become.

You will see that I have chosen a golden text and motto for this month. I could not give the name of the author of the motto because it is unknown. It is a couplet which in olden times was carved on the entrance of a house, and placed where all who went in and out could easily see it. I explain this to you because in the competitions you are always asked to give the name of the author of the motto, and you might wonder why it is missing.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

THE EDITRESS.



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Storie

Storie

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Nurse

Robin

Uncle

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Gulliv

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Faerie Queene.

Stories from Wagner.

Stories of Robin Hood.

Stories from William Tell.

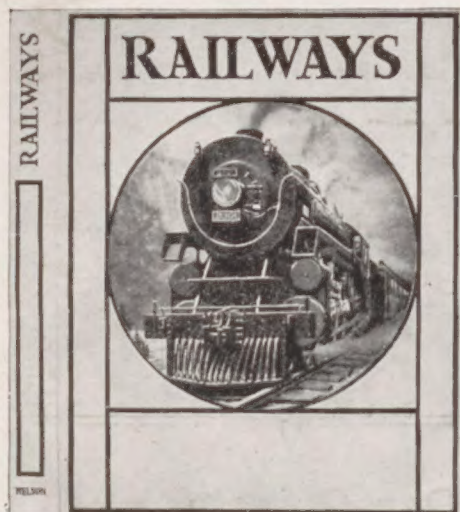
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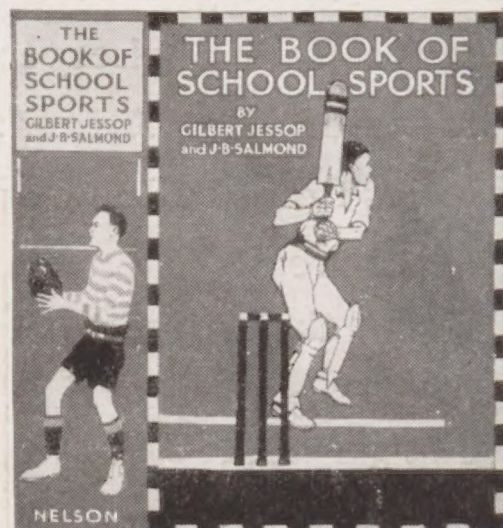
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